46.

Vide Ritson Ancient Songs I. lxxxix

The Courteous Carman,

AND THE

Amorous MAID:

OR,

The Carman's Whistle.

What here is penn'd in this same pleasant Story,
Doth only tend unto the CARMAN's Glory,
Who did relieve a Maiden in Distress,
And brought her Joy in midst of Heaviness;
He was Couragious, and of Mettle good,
As by this Story may be understood.

To the Tune of, *The Carman's Whistle*: or, *Lord* Willoughby's March, *&c.*

AS I abroad was walking
by the breaking of the day,
Into a pleasant meadow
a young Man took his way,
And looking round about him,
to mark what he could see,
At length he 'spy'd a fair Maid
under a mirtle tree:

So comly was her countenance,
and smiling was her cheer,
As though the Goddess Venus
herself she had been there,
And many a smirking smile she gave,
amongst the leaves so green,
Although she was perceived,
she thought she was not seen.

At length she chang'd her countenance,
and sung a mournful song,
Lamenting her misfortune,
she said a Maid so long:
There's many that be younger,
that long time have been wed,
Which makes me think that I shall dye,
and keep my maiden-head.

Sure young Men are hard hearted,
and know not what they do,
Or else they want for complements
fair Maidens for to woe:
Why should young Virgins pine away,
and lose their cheefest prime,
And all for want of Sweet-hearts,
to cheer us up in time?

The young Man heard her ditty,
and could no longer stay,
But straight unto this Damosel
with speed he did away;
He nimbly kept unto her,
which made her for to start,
But when he once imbrac'd her,
he joy'd her very heart:

Sweet-heart, he said unto her,
why do you so complain?
If you'll be rul'd by me
I'll play you such a strain,
As uses for to give content,
when as true Lovers meets,
It is much like to that they call
the shaking of the sheets.

Strike up, quoth she, and spare not,
I prithee use thy skill,
For why I greatly care not
if I thy mind fulfil.
The Carman then most nimbly
unto this sport did settle,
And pleased her most bravely,
for he was full of mettle.

When he had plaid unto her
one merry note or two,
Then was she so rejoyced
she knew not what to do:
O God-a-mercy Carman,
thou art a lively Lad;
Thou hast as rare a whistle
as ever Carman had.

Now if my Mother chide me,
for staying here so long;
What if she doth, I care not,
for this shall be my song:
Pray Mother be contented,
break not my heart in twain,
Although I have been ill a while
I shall be well again.

And thus this loving Couple
did oftentimes imbrace,
And lovingly did prattle
all in that flowry place:
But now the time of parting
began for to draw near,
Whereas this jolly Carman
must leave his only Dear.

He took his leave most kindly,
and thus to her did say,
My Dearest, I will meet thee
next time I come this way.
Away this bony Carman went
a whistling of his note,
And there he left this fair Maid
a brushing of her coat.

Now fare thee well, brave Carman,
I wish thee well to fare,
For thou didst use me kindly
as I can well declare:
Let other Maids say what they will,
the truth of all is so,
The bonny Carman's whistle
shall for my money go.

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